

27
A SHORT
MANUAL

FOR THE

CHRISTIAN SABBATH;

ESPECIALLY THE MORNING

OF THAT

SACRED DAY.

O GOD, THOU ART MY GOD; EARLY WILL I
SEEK THEE.

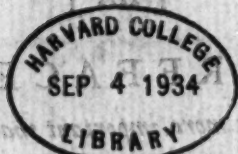
Psalms lxiii. 1.

THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH MADE;
WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT.

Pf. cxviii. 24.

I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY.

Rev. i. 10.



Walker fund

P R E F A C E.

IF any time is more important than another it is the Lord's Day morning; and yet, it is to be feared, there is but little attention paid to it either in the closet or in the family; the Success of the day usually depends upon the manner in which the morning is spent. Too many lie longer in bed on that morning than any in the week, which is a fault; as it is a kind of robbery, yea a robbing of GOD, as well as one's own Soul, and therefore we cannot thrive while that is the case. It would be well to begin the day in warm, ardent praise, praise to Him who justly claims the service of that day for himself.

The Sabbath, or day of rest, as the word implies, not only puts us in mind of the Creator resting or ceasing from his work, but likewise the Redeemer's triumphant resurrection from the grave; and hence the primitive Christians paid a peculiar regard to die dominico, or Lord's day, and usually stood at prayer, on that day, in honour of that glorious resurrection which the day commemorates.

It may also put us in mind of the rest which remains for the people of God; where not only labour and toil shall cease, but pain, grief, temptation, and troubles. The Puritans also paid a great regard to the Christian Sabbath, and took great care that every branch of divine worship might be attended, and that of family worship in particular. Herein it would be well to imitate them, as the neglect of that seems to be attended with many bad effects. For the proper education of children is sure to be neglected if family duty is neglected.

[iv.]

It is much to be lamented that catechising is so little attended unto, an exercise of such great utility; and the Lord's Day seems to be the most useful time for that purpose, because there is then the greatest leisure.

It is greatly to be wished, that all heads of families would heartily engage in that most salutary work, or we can but have little hope of the rising generation. If there is any truth in that saying, Train up a child in the way in which he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it: I say, if there be any truth in it, it calls loudly upon those who have children to put it in practice, as the neglecting their duty herein will leave them without excuse. We often hear complaints of children being careless and undutiful, and how should it be otherwise? when so little care is taken to shew them their duty either to GOD or man!

Rouse! rouse, ye careless heads of families! Put on bowels of compassion,—ye unnatural parents; for sure you cannot love your offspring if you neglect so essential a part of your christian vocation. "O prop the tender plant, and teach the young idea how to shoot;" and surely your labour will not be vain.

Here are a few Hymns suitable to the Lord's Day, and especially the morning; which if sung with grace in the heart cannot fail, but be a means of quickening the inner man, as they immediately point at Him who is the resurrection and the life, the true quickener of dead souls; whose death and wounds will be the song of the saints for ever. As we have the same subject, let us begin to learn a few notes of that new song, in the house of our pilgrimage, till we drop these veils of mortality, and join the ransomed above, in the bright realms of eternal day.

H Y M N S

FOR THE LORD'S DAY MORNING.

H Y M N I.

THE Saviour meets his flock to-day;
 Shall I in sloth abide at home?
 Shall I behind his people stay?
 When Jesus calls there still is room.
 I'll go; it is an house of prayer;
 Who knows but God may meet me there?

2. To-day Immanuel feeds his saints,
 And there the christians find their King:
 There they lay open their complaints,
 And there the holy armies sing:
 Into their number, I'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids me come.

3. How long did faithful *Anna* wait?
 And seek the Lord for fourscore years,
 Both day and night the temple gate
 She watch'd, with many cries and tears;
 Nor would she leave the house of prayer,
 'Till he vouchsaf'd to meet her there.

4. Blest Saviour, then permit me power,
 And like the saint, I'll watch for thee;
 Content I'll wait th' appointed hour
 'Till thou shalt be reveal'd in me.
 Daily my soul within thy gate
 Shall for thy loving kindness wait.

A. 2

5. Remove

5. Remove temptation, O my Lord;
 And let mine enemies be slain,
 Which would withdraw me from thy word,
 And plunge me in the world again.
 And when the Bridegroom shall appear,
 O let my soul be found in prayer.

HYMN II.

HAIL happy day, a day of holy rest,
 When saints assemble and on dainties feast;
 When all in smiles the God of grace descends,
 Opens his stores to entertain his friends.

2. Why Lord, to man should thou such favour shew?
 Who shun'd thine arms and sought thine overthrow,
 Why, but because thy tender bowels flow'd,
 And matchless mercy is becoming God.
3. This made thee leave thy royal seat above,
 And veil'd the God to manifest his love;
 Made thee in form of sinful flesh appear,
 Thy creature's rage and Father's wrath to bear.
4. Amazing stoop of majesty divine!
 There love doth in its utmost lustre shine;
 O let it raise esteem in mortals higher,
 And my whole soul with holy rapture fire.
5. With every idol now I'll freely part,
 And tear each rival passion from my heart,
 I'll doom to death, the sins I lov'd before,
 Tho' once I pierc'd, I'll grieve my God no more.
6. Thus I resolve, but mine's a feeble heart,
 To keep it firm thy mighty aid impart;
 Breathe on my soul, and holy love inspire,
 Help to perform, then what thou wilt require.

HYMN

HYMN III.

SWEET is thy work, O God my King,
 To praise thy name give thanks and sing;
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares should seize my breast,
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3. Our hearts should triumph in thee, Lord,
 And bless thy works and bless thy word:
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
 How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4. O may we see, and hear, and know,
 What mortals cannot reach below;
 May all our powers find sweet employ
 In Christ's eternal world of joy.

HYMN IV.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear,
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
 To plead for all his saints.

Presenting to his Father's throne,
 Our songs and our complaints.

3. Thou art a God before whose sight,
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4. But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;

I will

I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5. O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make ev'ry path of duty strait,
And plain before my face.

HYMN V.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high ;
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.

2. O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse,
The mists of error and of vice
Which shade the universe.
3. How beauteous nature now ?
How dark and sad before ?
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
4. O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day ;
May Jesu's blood, like ev'ning dew,
Wash all my stains away.
5. May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day !
As if it were our last.

HYMN VI.

WELCOME sweet day of rest !
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2. The king himself comes near,
And feeds the saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day amidst the place,
Where our dear God hath been;
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4. Bid, Lord, our hearts to stay
In such a frame as this;
And when thou callest them away,
Wast them to endless bliss.

HYMN VII.

A WAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy early stage of duty run;
Shake of dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2. 'Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3. All thanks to him who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Lord, grant when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4. Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

HYMN VIII.

BEHOLD the lofty sky,
Declares its maker God; And

- And all the starry works on high,
Proclaim his power abroad.
2. The darkness and the light,
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach thy name.
3. In every different land,
Their general voice is known,
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
4. Ye British lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.
5. His statutes and commands,
He sets before our eyes:
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
6. His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

HYMN IX.

- T**HE Lord of sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
2. Thus Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we seem to be
Triumphant here below.

3. On

3. On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
4. He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak a world from nought;
'Twas greater to redeem.

HYMN X.

THE Sun of righteousness appears,
To set in blood no more;
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore.

2. The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.
3. Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine press trod;
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man;
He rises as a God!
4. In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise,
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.
5. And thus while of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN XI.

BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way

- His beams thro' all the nations run,
Air, life, and light convey.
2. But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from the tomb,
And gives the blind their sight.
3. How perfect is thy word ?
And all thy judgments just,
For ever sure thy promise Lord,
And men securely trust.
4. My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given ?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the way to heaven.
5. While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN XII.

- M**Y God, how endless is thy love,
Thy gifts are every morning new ;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distill like morning dew.
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours,
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
3. I'll yield my powers to thy commands,
To thee I'll consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hands,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.